

EEERUE

A.2.27



ANATOMICAL
MONSTER!
CRIMSON
DEATH!
HAUNTED
MURDERER!

A. C. HOLLIS-SWARTH

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



EERIE!



ANATOMICAL MONSTER

PAGE 11

IT'S JUST A PIECE OF PAPER!
HA-HA! WELL BURN IT!
SEND IT UP IN SMOKE! IT CAN'T
HURT US THEN! WHA--?!

TOO LATE! LOOK!
HERE IT COMES!
IT'S GOT US!
AAAIEEEEE!

JOE KIRK WAS A MEDICAL STUDENT! HE
THOUGHT THE CHART WOULD HELP HIM
IN HIS STUDY OF HUMAN ANATOMY! HE
LAUGHED AT THE OLD MAN'S WARNING!
TOO LATE KIRK REALIZED THAT, HERE,
IMPRISONED ON THIS PIECE OF PAPER,
WAS A THING OHASTLY BEYOND ALL
IMAGINING--
THE ANATOMICAL MONSTER!

ON AN OLD ANTIQUE SHOP...

I JUST THOUGHT I'D LOOK AROUND! MIGHT PICK OUT A LITTLE PRESENT FOR MY GIRL! SHE LIKES ANTIQUES!



CAN'T SPEND VERY MUCH! YOU SEE, I'M JUST A MEDICAL STUDENT! I DON'T HAVE VERY MUCH MONEY! I'D LIKE THIS LOCKET, IF IT'S NOT TOO EXPENSIVE...

MEDICAL STUDENT? JUST A MOMENT! I'VE GOT SOMETHING ESPECIALLY SUITED FOR YOU!



JACK KIRK WAS PUZZLED! THE OLD MAN WAS ACTING VERY QUEERLY! HIS HANDS WERE SHAKING AS HE UNLOCKED HIS SAFE, AND . . .

HERE IT IS! S-SOMETHING I TREASURE VERY HIGHLY! I--I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT! YOU'RE A MEDICAL STUDENT--JUST THE PERSON FOR IT!

WHAT IS IT?



NO! DON'T LOOK AT IT! JUST TAKE IT WITH YOU!

YOU WANT ME TO BUY SOMETHING WITHOUT LOOKING AT IT? DON'T BE SILLY!



I-I WON'T CHARGE YOU ANYTHING! I WANT YOU TO HAVE IT! IT'S--IT'S A MEDICAL CHART OF THE HUMAN BODY! IT SHOWS THE MUSCLES! -- THE NERVE STRUCTURE! IT'S AUTHENTIC -- WONDERFULLY, ACCURATELY DRAWN! BUT DON'T OPEN IT: NOT HERE!



KIRK TOOK THE CHART, AND, AS HE LEFT THE OLD ANTIQUE SHOP . . .

HE'S A LITTLE OFF HIS ROCKER -- MIGHT AS WELL HUMOR HIM!

THERE'S NO NEED TO THANK ME! I NO LONGER WANT IT!

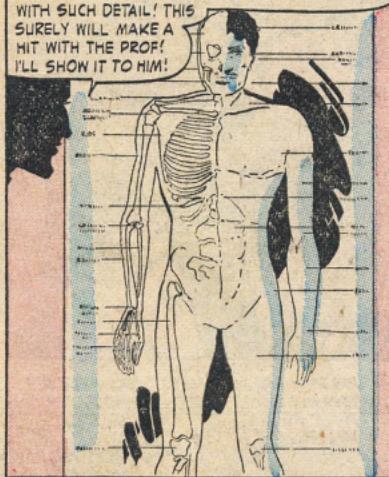
WELL, THANKS A LOT! I'M GLAD TO HAVE IT!



AT ONE TIME I, TOO, WAS A SCIENTIST!
I DREW THE CHART! YOU'LL FIND IT
CORRECT TO THE LAST VEIN!



WHY, IT'S WONDERFUL! WHOEVER DREW THIS CERTAINLY KNEW ANATOMY! I'VE NEVER SEEN A CHART WITH SUCH DETAIL! THIS SURELY WILL MAKE A HIT WITH THE PROF! I'LL SHOW IT TO HIM!



AND THE NEXT DAY, IN THE PHYSIOLOGY CLASSROOM...

NOW, HERE WE HAVE THE COMPLETE NERVOUS STRUCTURE! FROM THE BRAIN, THE MOTOR IMPULSES ... SAY, THAT SURE SHOWS EVERYTHING CLEARLY! BEATS ANYTHING I'VE EVER LOOKED AT!



KIRK WAS AMUSED, AND, NATURALLY, INTENSELY CURIOUS! AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL IN HIS DORMITORY ...

HE SURE MADE A BIG FLUSS OVER THE THING!
I WONDER WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE!

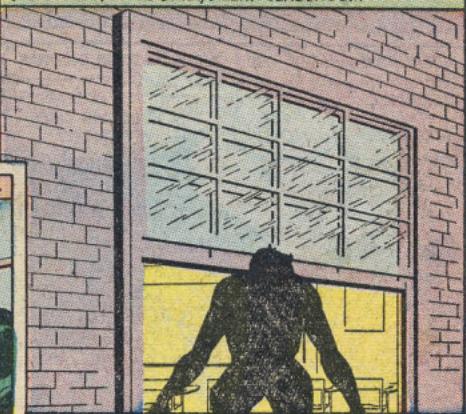


THE EXCITED KIRK TOOK HIS FIND TO DR. NORTON, HEAD OF THE SCHOOL, AND ...

IT'S MARVELOUS! I'LL USE IT IN CLASS! AN OLD FELLOW IN AN
WHERE DO YOU GET IT, JACK? IT'S ANTIQUE SHOP GAVE
THE MOST DETAILED ANATOMICAL IT TO ME! HE'S A QUEER
CHART I'VE EVER OLD DUCK! HE SEEMED
SEEN! TO WANT TO
GET RID OF



THAT NIGHT, IN THE DARK SILENT CLASSROOM . . .



AND NEXT MORNING, WHEN KIRK LOOKED AT THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER . . .

COUPLE OF HYSTERICAL GIRLS THOUGHT THEY SAW A MONSTER! YOUNG GIRLS CAN IMAGINE ANYTHING! PROBABLY NOTHING BUT A SHADOW THAT FRIGHTENED THEM!



IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, JUST MADE FOR LOVERS! KIRK WALKED HIS GIRL HOME BY THE LONELIEST ROUTE HE COULD PICK! BUT, SUDDENLY . . .



HELP! SAVE ME!
AAIIIEEEEE!
GET AWAY,
YOU MONSTER!

JACK!
JACK!

THAT'S THAT'S THE THING THAT WAS
SEEN LAST NIGHT!

IT LOOKS LIKE
MY CHART!



JACK KIRK NEVER THOUGHT OF HIS CHART! HE SAW NO CONNECTION! WHY SHOULD HE? BUT THAT NEXT EVENING . . .

BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, WASN'T IT, JACK? I LOVED IT!

SURE WAS, ALICE!



ANOTHER YOUNG COUPLE CHANCED TO BE THERE ON THE SHADY LANE, AND IN THAT TERRIBLE MOMENT . . .

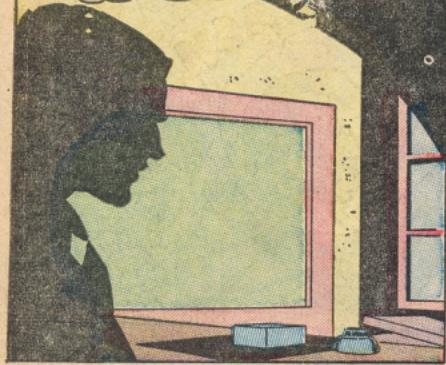


YOUNG KIRK AND ALICE FLED! THEY DID NOT SEE THE TERRIBLE CLIMAX, THERE IN THE MOONLIT WOODS!



AT ALICE'S HOME THEY REPORTED WHAT THEY HAD SEEN! AS SOON AS HE COULD, JACK KIRK ESCAPED FROM THE TURMOIL AND LEFT, THEN...

WHERE DID DR. NORTON PUT THAT CHART? IT MUST BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE! I'VE GOT TO FIND IT!



IT WAS MIDNIGHT NOW! CARRYING THE ROLLED CHART, KIRK RUSHED TO THE OLD ANTIQUE SHOP, ROUNDED OUT THE PROPRIETOR, AND ...

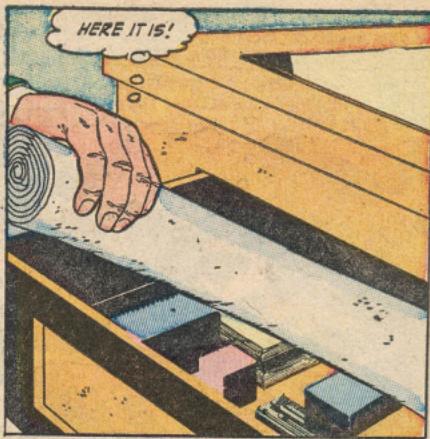
YOU-- YOU PROMISED ME YOU'D BURN IT! YOU BROKE YOUR PROMISE!

YOU KNEW THE-- THE THING WAS DIABOLIC! WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? WHY DID YOU LET ME TAKE IT WITHOUT KNOWING?



HISTERIALLY THE OLD MAN CONFESSED A GRIM AND TERRIBLE STORY! KIRK TURNED COLD WITH SHUDDERING HORROR AS HE HEARD IT!

I HAD THE DREAM WHEN I WAS YOUNG, LIKE YOU! BUT I NEEDED MONEY! I WANTED MY OWN LABORATORY! I WANTED TO GIVE ALL MY TIME TO ANATOMY!



HERE IT IS!
I COULDN'T BRING MYSELF TO DESTROY IT! I'VE BEEN A STUDENT OF ANATOMY ALL MY LIFE! THE CHART WAS MY LIFE'S WORK!



'BILL GRANT AND HIS BEAUTIFUL WIFE WERE MY BEST FRIENDS! BILL WAS RICH! HE WAS A BROODING FELLOW! HE ACTED STRANGELY.'

BILL CERTAINLY ACTS QUEER! AND YOU CAN'T MISS SEEING THAT GLORIA'S AFRAID OF HIM! SHE ACTS HALF SCARED TO DEATH, THE POOR KID!



"I PLANNED IT THEN! I WOULD KILL BILL GRANT! GLORIA WOULD BE RICH, AND I WOULD MARRY HER! I TOLD MYSELF I HAD A GOOD EXCUSE!"

"I PLANNED IT CAREFULLY! I GOT MY CHANCE ONE NIGHT WHEN WE WERE ALONE, AND ..."

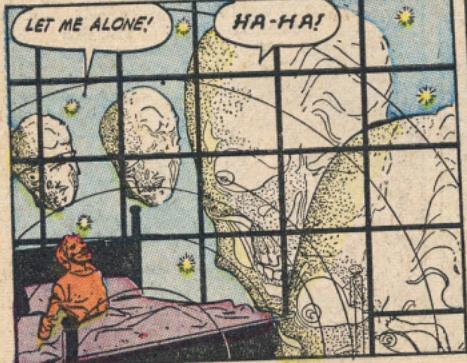
BILL'S INSANE! THERE'S NO QUESTION OF THAT IN MY MIND! HE MIGHT KILL GLORIA! I'LL SAVE HER FROM HIM!



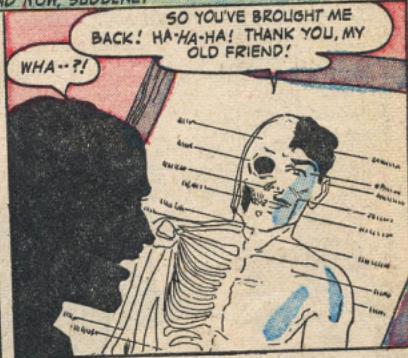
"NO ONE EVER SUSPECTED ME! POOR GLORIA DIED SOON AFTER I MARRIED HER! I WENT ON WITH MY MEDICAL STUDIES! THEN--ONLY LAST YEAR--I WAS READY TO DRAW MY MASTER CHART! AND WHEN I HAD FINISHED IT, I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT..."



"EVER SINCE THEN, THE TERRIBLE THING HAS BEEN HAUNTING ME, THREATENING ME..."



"I HADN'T REALIZED! I GUESS, SUBCONSCIOUSLY, THE MEMORY OF HIS FACE HAD ALWAYS BEEN WITH ME! AND NOW, SUDDENLY..."



"HE--HE'S ALWAYS AROUND! AND HE'S A MANIAC! I--I LOCKED THE CHART IN MY SAFE, BUT IT--IT DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE! I WANTED TO BURN IT! BUT I COULDN'T BEAR TO! I WAS AFRAID THAT IF I KEPT IT, HE WOULD KILL ME! SO I GAVE IT TO YOU!"





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Mail coupon and \$1 now. The complete Outfit— together with the 235 Free Stamps and other interesting offers — will be sent for a week's examination. Unless you're delighted, return it—we'll promptly refund your dollar and your postage, too! LITTLETON STAMP CO., Dept. AV-02 Littleton, N. H.

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Name _____

Address _____

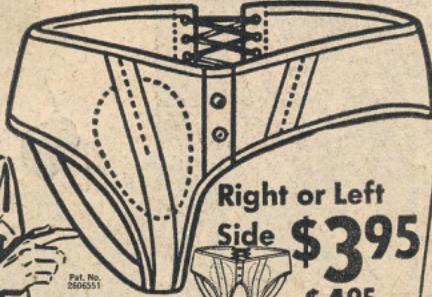
City _____

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For Men! For Women! For Children!



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EASY TO ORDER

Just measure around the lowest part of the abdomen and state right or left side or double.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Money-back guarantee if you don't get relief.

**DELAY MAY BE SERIOUS
ORDER TODAY**

Piper Brace Co., Dept. AV-43
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**Right or Left
Side \$3.95
Double \$4.95**

**NOW YOU CAN ...
THROW AWAY THOSE
GOUGING, TORTURING
TRUSSES --- GET NEW
WONDERFUL RELIEF
WITH
RUPTURE-EASER**

A strong, form-fitting washable support designed to give you relief and comfort. Snaps up in front. Adjustable back-lacing and adjustable leg straps. Soft flat grain pad—no steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort, invisible under light clothing. Washable. Also used as after operation support. Sizes for men, women and children. Easy to Order—MAIL COUPON NOW! (Note: Be sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

PIPER BRACE CO., 811 Wyandotte, Dept. AV-43 Kansas City 6, Mo.

Please send my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.

Right Side
 Left Side
 Double

\$3.95
 \$3.95
 \$4.95

Measure around lowest part
of my abdomen is _____
INCHES.

We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.'s

(Note: Be Sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

Enclosed is Money Order Check for \$ _____ Send C. O. D.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

**OVER 400,000
GRATEFUL USERS!**
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 Our Thousands on File:

**R. C. of Corvallis, Oregon, Air
Mail:** "Send me another Rupture-Easer so I will have one to
change off with. It is enabling
me to work at top speed in my
press machine 8 hrs. a day."

M. P. S. of New York City:
 wants us to know he is "very
 pleased with my Rupture-Easer.
 It has given me great relief and
 I feel more safe than ever in
 wearing this support."

M. S. of Anderson, Ind., thanks
 us and says: "It is one of the
 finest things I have ever worn
 and has made my life worth living.
 It has given me untold ease
 and comfort."

M. D. S. of Greenwich, N. Y.
 writes: "I find my Rupture-Easer
 the most comfortable and satisfies
 factory of any truss I have ever

Mrs. L. H. C. of Blackburn, Mo.
 writes: "The Rupture-Easer I
 bought from you has done so
 much good I couldn't forget you
 this Christmas season."

**THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR PROVED PERFORMANCE
ORDER TODAY!**

I'M THE ONE
WHO'S GOING TO KILL
BOTH OF YOU!

SOME NIGHT
I'LL BE THE ONE
TO STAB YOU!

POISON!
HA-HA! I'LL
KILL YOU BOTH
WITH POISON!

I'LL STRANGLE
YOU BOTH, SOME
NIGHT!
MAYBE
TONIGHT!

YOUR
BLOOD
WILL
FLOW!

CRIMSON DEATH

WILL BE
YOURS!

JACK AND DAISY BLAKE WERE A DANCE TEAM! THEIR ACT WAS A FLOP-UNTIL JACK READ ABOUT THE VOODOO DANCES OF THE SECT OF THE DEAD! THE VOODOO DANCE MADE A GOOD STAGE ACT, AND JACK AND DAISY WERE A HIT! BUT YOU CANNOT MAKE A JOKE OF THE UNKNOWN! THE VENGEANCE OF THE **LIVING DEAD** CAN BE A TERRIBLE THING, AND JACK AND DAISY BLAKE WERE DANCING TO THEIR... **CRIMSON DEATH**!

NOEL
and
Alascia

A CHEAP CAFE, IN A SEAPORT OF THE CARIB-
BEAN ISLAND OF MORANDO...

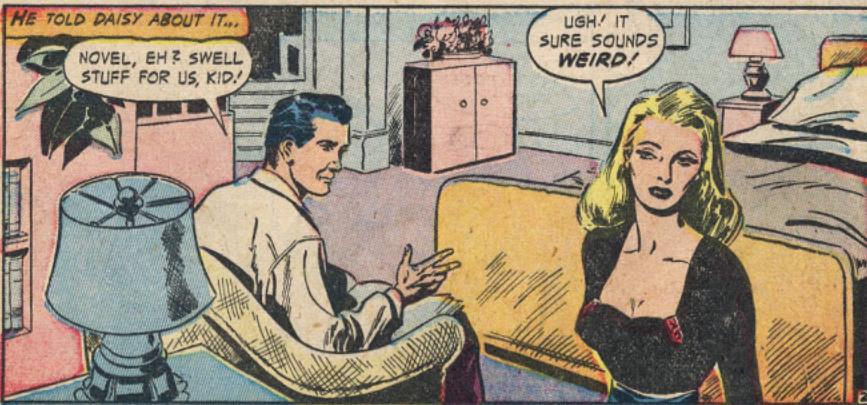
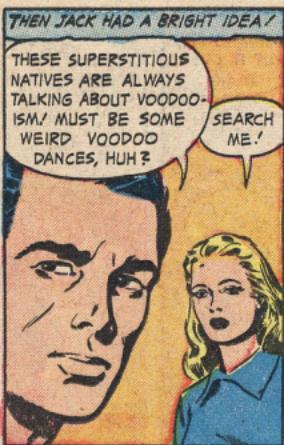
JUST A COUPLE
OF HAMS! YAH!

BRING ON A
GOOD ACT!

AND, LATER THAT EVENING...

YOUR ACT'S NO
GOOD, BLAKE! YOU'RE
THROUGH!

WELL! OF
ALL THE
NERVE!





THE MONEY CAME IN! SOON THEY WERE APPEARING IN THE CAPITAL CITY, IN THE BIG MUNICIPAL THEATRE!



BUT ALWAYS IT SEEMED THAT THE RESTLESS, ENRAGED SPIRITS OF THE DEAD WERE WATCHING THEM...



AND SOMETIMES AT NIGHT...

SOON! YOU WILL BOTH BE MURDERED!
BEWARE!



THEIR TERROR GREW! WOULD SOMEBODY TRY TO KILL THEM? NOW THEY WERE SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYONE THEY MET!



THEY LIVED LIVES OF TORTURE! ALL THEIR FOOD AND DRINK TASTED QUEER! SHADOWS ALWAYS SEEM TO BE HOLDING AN ASSASSIN!



YOU'RE THE FOOL!
DO YOU WANT TO GET US MURDERED?



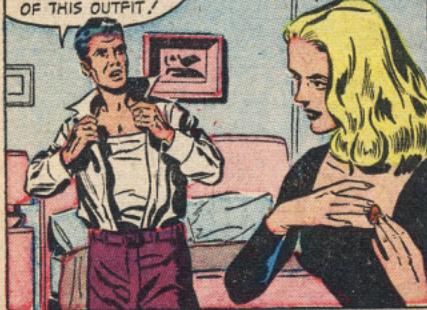
THEIR TAUT NERVES WERE FRAYED BY TERROR.
THEY OFTEN QUARRELED...

DON'T YOU TELL ME
WHAT WE'RE GOING TO
DO! I'M THE BRAINS
OF THIS OUTFIT!

YEAH? WHO PUTS
THE ACT OVER? NOT YOU!

THEIR MUTUAL TERROR BROUGHT HATRED!

SHE'LL DOUBLECROSS
ME IF SHE GETS A
CHANCE!... HE'LL GET US MUR-
DURED! I DON'T WANT
TO DIE, JUST BECAUSE
OF HIS GREED!...



AND SOON AFTER THAT...

HELLO, TESSIE!

HI!

SURE WISH I
COULD MAKE A
HIT LIKE YOU AND
DAISY! THERE'S
MY CUE! 'BYE,
NOW!'

...IF DAISY WANTS
TO QUIT ME--
OKAY! TESSIE'D
BE A BETTER
PARTNER, ANY-
WAY!...

SHE'S ASLEEP!
YOU CAN DO IT!

SURE I
CAN!...



AND THAT SAME NIGHT...

AV, SHUT UP!
GO AHEAD AND
QUIT ME! I'D BE
GLAD TO GET
RID OF YOU!

ALL RIGHT,
I WILL, IF
YOU'LL GIVE
ME MY SHARE
OF OUR MONEY!

AND LATER, WHEN DAISY WAS
ASLEEP...

WHAT ARE
YOU AFRAID OF?
YOU CAN DO IT!

WHY NOT?
THAT WOULD
FIX EVERY-
THING!...





The Steps in the Cellar!

It was an old house. It was dark and gloomy. Pete Welch looked at it with foreboding. It was sort of — well, *erie* looking, and he felt a vague sense of foreboding chill his spine as he looked into the blank, cheerless windows.

But it was the only house within miles, and probably the only deserted house in the whole countryside, and a storm was blowing up. To an old hobo like Pete Welch the only thing to do in a storm was seek shelter, and that was all there was to it. He turned his coat collar up and went into the weed-grown yard.

The door was open, which saved him the trouble of breaking a window. The hinges were rusty, and they squeaked when he swung the door ajar. There was a musty smell in the air; it struck his nostrils the moment he set foot within the place.

He laughed shortly to himself; he was letting his imagination run away with him. This

house was no different than hundreds of other houses he had grabbed a night's sleep in while "on the road."

He was hungry. Not much chance of any food being found in a deserted old shack like this one, though. A bottle, now, there was a different story. Many a time he had found an overlooked bottle of whisky or wine on a dusty shelf. He'd have a look.

on the door. Pete brought the match closer to the dusty old wooden panel.

*If this door you swing ajar
Your ghastly doom will not
be far!*

The match had burned too low, and it seared his fingers. He dropped it with a curse, and with shaking hands hastened to light another and hold it up to the door. But, in the light of the new match, no inscription was to be seen!

*My imagination is playing
Old Ned with me tonight, he
thought.*

He tried the door. It swung open almost before his hand touched the knob. The feeble light of the old candle was not powerful enough to pierce the gloom which lay within, but Pete could see that a flight of stone stairs led below.

*It leads to the cellar, no
doubt, he thought. That is
where I am most likely to find
wine.*

He started to descend. Before he had gone three steps the door behind him slammed shut with a bang that rang of finality. He leaped back and pushed against the door, but it held fast. "Probably a spring lock," he muttered, "although I don't remember seeing it on the door. Oh, well...." he shrugged. He'd climbed out of cellar windows before; he could again.

A cold gust of wind arose from the blackness below. It blew out the tiny flame of the match. He felt in his pocket with frantic fingers, but the pack of remaining matches was not to be found. Stumblingly, feeling the wall in front of



It was confoundingly dark in the old house. He tried the lights, but they wouldn't work. So he lighted a match and looked about him. Rats, frightened by the yellow flickering of the match, scurried dryly across the old floor. The room was bare. Another room showed nothing of promise. And then he entered what must have at one time been the kitchen. It, too, was bare of furnishings, but a stairwell was at one end of the room. Pete looked at the door. There seemed to be an inscription

him, he crept down the rest of the stairs. Then, at the bottom, he cried out and flung his forearm up to cover his eyes.

For the cellar was lighted with a brightness that blinded him!

A withered old crone stood in the middle of the stone floor. Her hair was as white as wood ashes, her skin as rough and brown as the bark of a tree, and her small, blue eyes glittered like diamonds.

"What do you wish to take with you?" she said. To look at her one would have expected a croaking hoarseness akin to the raven's call, but the sound of her voice was melodious and beautiful. It stilled all the fears evoked in Pete's mind because of her sudden appearance.

"I didn't think anyone lived here," Pete said. "This your house?"

"It is part of me; my children built it. What do you wish to take with you?"

"I want some wine. Do you have any wine?"

"Alas, it is too late for that. There have been those who have said that the waters of my house were like wines. But it is too late for that."

Pete looked at her curiously. "Well, I'll be goin', then. How do you open that door up there?"

"Alas," the old crone said again. "There is no going back. There is never any going back. There is but one way out, and that way is forward." She pointed a bony finger, and for the first time Pete noticed the stairway which led into the depths of the cellar floor.

"What's down there?" he asked. "Is it another cellar? Is there an exit down there?"

But she only answered, "It is the only way out."

The calm, beautiful voice infuriated him. He struck at her roughly and she fell to her knees. Suddenly a clap of thunder shook the foundations of the old house. It was the loudest thunder that Pete had ever heard.



The storm must have started outside, he thought. Maybe I should stay here with her...

But the look in the cold blue eyes chilled and repelled him. He hurried to the stairway and started to run down the stone steps. It was an odd flight of stairs, the oddest Pete had ever seen. A weird blue glow seemed to come from the walls on either side of him; and looking up he could have sworn that overhead wheeled all the stars he had ever seen! Cold and blue, they stared down unwinkingly. They reminded him of the eyes of the old woman up above, and he ran faster.

The music started, then. He stopped running when he heard it, but then he could hear nothing. It started again when he resumed his descent, and after several trial starts and stops he determined that he could hear the weird sound only while he continued downward to what lay at the bottom of the stairs.

It was strange, that music! It was wonder and terror rolled into one stream of sound that lashed at him and curled round his throat and seemed to push at his back, hurrying him onward. It told the story of the first man he had blackjacked, the first money he had stolen, the first woman he had beaten. It told of the nights in the hobo jungles, with the fire snapping and the stars wheeling cold and blue overhead. It told of...

But the music had stopped. He had come to the bottom of the stairs. A door was there. It was a heavy stone door. It was inscribed with many words, in many tongues, and embossed with pictures that Pete did not want to look at.

Pete touched the door. It opened instantly, noiselessly, as if it had done so innumerable times before.

Pete stared at the ghastly figure which beckoned him across the threshold.

"I've been waiting for you," said Death.



The Haunted Murderer!



MRS. BLANCHARD'S ROOMING HOUSE WAS ALWAYS PRETTY WELL RENTED, BUT NOW HER ATTIC WAS VACANT, AND...

DAILY BUGLE? I WANT TO PLACE A CLASSIFIED AD. "NICELY FURNISHED TOP FLOOR ROOM, SUITABLE FOR ARTIST. SOOP NORTH LIGHT, QUIET, RESPECTABLE HOUSE. APPLY 2106 JOHNSON AVE..."

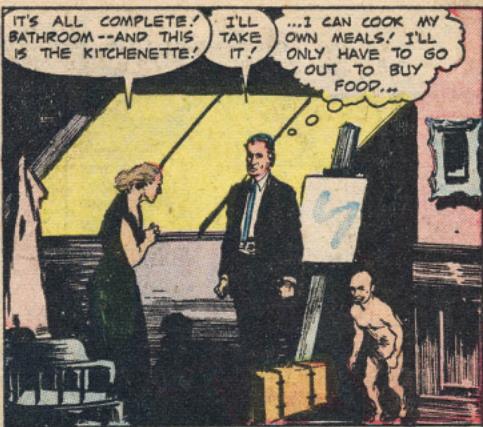


LATE THE NEXT DAY...

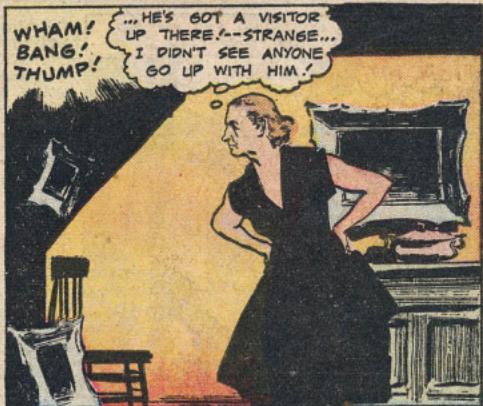
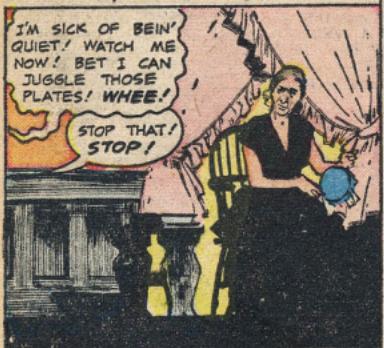
HERE IT IS...2106...I'LL TELL HER I'M AN ARTIST! I'LL GET IN THERE, AND I'LL STAY! I DONT DARE GO OUT! NOT NOW--NOT ANYMORE...KEEP QUIET, NOW!

SURE! I'LL BE QUIET! WE'LL GET IN THERE AN' STAY! THAT'LL BE NICE!





MRS. BLANCHARD'S NEW LODGER SEEMED
LIKE A VERY QUIET, NICE MAN--BUT AFTER
A FEW DAYS, ONE EVENING...



FINALLY THE LANDLADY WENT UPSTAIRS, AND...

BUT ONLY HER LODGER WAS THERE! AND...



MIGOSH, SHE'S S-SEE WHAT I MEAN ?
AN OLD SOURPUSS, I CAN THROW MY VOICE...
AIN'T SHE ? CRACK JOKES !

WELL !

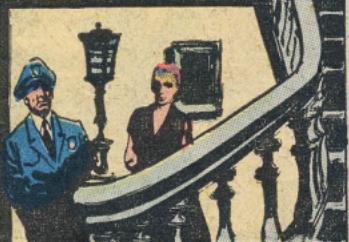


Mrs. BLANCHARD WAS SORRY THAT SHE'D RENTED THE ATTIC TO SUCH A WEIRD LODGER! EACH DAY HE SEEMED MORE HARASSED! HE ALMOST NEVER WENT OUT! AND THEN, ONE NIGHT...



AS THE RUMPLUS CONTINUED, SHE PHONED THE POLICE, AND WHEN THEY CAME...

SOME FUN, EH ?
BUMP ! CRASH !
HE'S OFF HIS HEAD... STARK CRAZY !



THAT WAS JOHN DUNN TORMENTED BY HIS POLTERGEIST! THE THING HAD BEEN MONTHS PREVIOUSLY, IN A DISTANT CITY! DUNN WAS VERY PLEASED WITH HIMSELF! HE HAD JUST 'ACQUIRED' RICHES...



I'VE NO POLICE RECORD ! THEY CAN'T IDENTIFY THOSE FINGERPRINTS AS MINE ! I'M RICH FOR LIFE !



DUNN WAS SAFE! BUT HE COULDN'T TAKE THE LEAST CHANCE OF ANYTHING HAPPENING WHICH WOULD BRING HIM TO THE NOTICE OF THE POLICE...

IF THE POLICE EVER TOOK MY FINGERPRINTS, A CHECK WOULD REVEAL ME AS SWINBOURNE'S KILLER !



THAT WAS THE NIGHT THAT THE POLTERGEIST CAME TO DUNN ! WAS IT FATE ?--OR JUST COINCIDENCE ? NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW ! DUNN WAS IN HIS LUXURIOUS HOTEL ROOM, WHEN...



BOOKS, POISED IN MID-AIR, HELD BY UN-
SEEN HANDS! THEN, SUDDENLY...



AND THEN, ANOTHER NIGHT...



THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE HAVE BEEN TORMENTED
BY POLTERGEISTS! ONCE THEY GET AFTER
YOU, SOMETIMES YOU CAN'T SHAKE THEM
LOOSE! IT BEGAN TO TERRIFY JOHN DUNN,
WHEN...



AND BEFORE THE TERRIFIED DUNN COULD STOP
HER, THE ANGRY GIRL HAD CALLED A POLICEMAN...





GRADUALLY THE TORTURED DUNN HAD BROKEN! MRS. BLANCHARD DIDN'T SEE HIM THAT AFTERNOON WHEN HE WENT OUT AND CAME HOME WITH SOMETHING HE'D BOUGHT...

"I'LL DO IT TONIGHT! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE, AN THIS IS THE ONLY ESCAPE!"



"WHAT YA GOT? ROPE? I CAN JUMP ROPE! WATCH!"

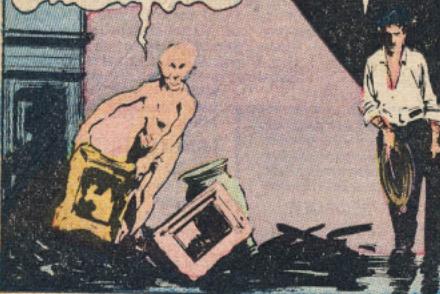
"MY ESCAPE! HA, HA! NOTHING MATTERS, NOW! IT'S BETTER THAN BEING CAUGHT BY THE POLICE!"



AND IT WAS LATER THAT SAME NIGHT, WHEN...

"LET'S GET THAT SOURPUSS LANDLADY UP HERE! HA, HA! SHE'LL BE MAD AT US-- BUT WHAT DO I CARE?"

"I'LL DO IT NOW! I'VE GOT TO DO IT NOW!"



THAT WAS WHEN MRS. BLANCHARD PHONED FOR THE POLICE! AND WHEN THEY BROKE DOWN THE ATTIC DOOR...

"BREAK IT DOWN!"

"LOOK!"



--HANGED HIMSELF!
HE'S DEAD!"



FOR JUST AN INSTANT THE STARTLED POLICEMEN SAW THE GRINNING, IMPISH LITTLE FIGURE! THEN IT FADED AND WAS GONE!--A RIDDLE OF THE UNKNOWN...

"HELLO, FELLOWS! YOU THINK I'D BOTHER WITH THE LIKES OF YOU? NOT ME! 'BYE, NOW!'"

"WHA--?"



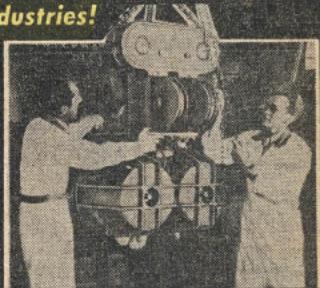
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ALWAYS
WANTED!



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why "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it
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way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in...
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who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?

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Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.98 (plus postage) with the understanding that it includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is. _____
(Send string the size of your waist if no tape measure is handy)

Name _____

Address _____

City and Zone. _____ State _____

Save 65¢ postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment
now. Same Free trial and refund privilege.

ROBOT MODEL L2--FAILURE!



IT WAS DURING THE YEARS OF THE MARTIAN WAR -- WHEN THE CONQUERING MARTIAN ARMIES HAD OVERRUN NEARLY ALL OF SOUTH AMERICA...

I'D LIKE YOU TO BUILD ME A ROBOT, TRAINED FOR SENTRY DUTY, MR. DARROW!

YES, OF COURSE! I'LL SUBMIT SPECIFICATIONS!

ELTOO WAS THE FINEST MACHINE THE DARROW ROBOT FACTORY HAD EVER PRODUCED! IN THE MARTIAN WAR HE WAS PERSONAL BODYGUARD TO OUR SUPREME COMMANDER, GENERAL BLAIR! ELTOO CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY! HE AVOIDED A GREAT WORLD DISASTER! BUT THE ARMY RECORDS DO NOT SHOW IT! THEY READ: ROBOT MODEL L2--FAILURE!

A WEEK LATER...

YOUR SPECIFICATIONS ARE SATISFACTORY, DARROW! HOW SOON WILL YOU DELIVER THIS ROBOT?

INCLUDING HIS TRAINING? ABOUT TWO MONTHS, GENERAL! I'LL PUT EVERY RESOURCE AT MY FACTORY TO WORK.



DARROW PUT ALL HIS GENIUS INTO THIS NEW TYPE ROBOT! HE CALLED IT MODEL L2!

A WONDERFUL THING, MR. DARROW! WHY-WHY, IT WILL BE ALMOST HUMAN!

WITH THE INTELLIGENCE OF A HIGHLY TRAINED DOG! OR EVEN MORE--I CANNOT TELL YET!



THE FULLY TRAINED L2 WAS DELIVERED TO GENERAL BLAIR, AT THE HEADQUARTERS IN FLORIDA.

THIS IS YOUR COMMANDER, ELOTO! YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM HIM!

YES, SIR!



THEN L2 MET MAJOR GAROND, ONE OF GENERAL BLAIR'S ASSISTANTS!

THIS IS MAJOR GAROND, ELOTO. THERE WILL BE TIMES WHEN YOU TAKE ORDERS FROM HIM.

YES, SIR!

WHY--THIS MACHINE IS ALMOST HUMAN!



THE MARTIAN'S BARRAGE OF INVISIBILITY WAS SMASHED! AND...

...MUST KILL! MY ORDERS SAY--MUST KILL!



L2 BEGAN HIS SENTRY DUTY, ROVING THE ENCAMPMENT! AND ONE NIGHT...

ENEMY IS HERE! MUST FIND HIM! KILL HIM!



THERE HAD BEEN DANGER THAT SOME MARTIAN SPY-- ELECTRONICALLY INVISIBLE-- WOULD BE ABLE TO MURDER GENERAL BLAIR! AND NOW...

THIS BAD MAN! MUST KILL BAD MAN! KILL!...



L-2 GOT GREAT APPLAUSE! BUT THERE WAS ONE WHO WASN'T PLEASED!

YOU DID YOUR DUTY WELL, ELTOO!

THANK YOU, SIR!

HE HAS ELECTRONIC SENSES AND HE CAN BE ON DUTY 24 HOURS A DAY!

...THAT THING IS SUPERHUMAN! I'LL HAVE TO BE VERY CAREFUL!



FOR MONTHS MAJOR GAROND HAD BEEN PLOTTING TO BETRAY HIS COUNTRY!

IF MY PLANS SUCCEED, THE MARTIANS WILL TAKE OVER THE EARTH! AND THEY'LL MAKE ME THEIR EARTH PRESIDENT!



GAROND MET HIS MARTIAN GO-BETWEEN, AND...

I HAD TO BE VERY CAREFUL! WE HAVE A DAMNABLE, SUPER-HUMAN MACHINE HERE!

I HAVE HEARD OF HIM!



WHEN WILL YOU DELIVER THE DETAILS OF YOUR INVASION PLAN TO US? MY LEADER WISHES TO KNOW ITS EXACT DATE!

I'LL HAVE IT FOR YOU TOMORROW NIGHT!



THE INVASION DATE AND THE EXACT PLACE OF LANDING WERE A CLOSELY GUARDED EARTH SECRET! THE NEXT NIGHT...

YOU WILL TAKE OUR PLANS TO PROFESSOR EVANS, GAROND!

HA! HA! THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT I NEED...



PROFESSOR EVANS' LABORATORY WAS IN THE WOODS NEARBY! HE WAS AN EXPERIMENTAL PHYSICIST WHO FOR A YEAR HAD BEEN DEVISING NEW-TYPE ATOMIC WEAPONS!

I'LL GET EVANS' LATEST FORMULAE, DELIVER THE WHOLE THING TO THE MARTIANS!



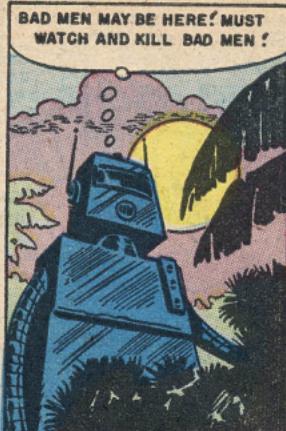
MEANWHILE, GENERAL BLAIR...

IF ANY MARTIAN SPY LOCATED GAROND, THEY WOULD KILL HIM! HE SHOULD HAVE TAKEN THE ROBOT WITH HIM!

GO TO PROFESSOR EVANS' LABORATORY! MAJOR GAROND WILL BE THERE! YOU STAY BY HIM UNTIL HE RETURNS HERE!

YES, SIR!

BAD MEN MAY BE HERE! MUST WATCH AND KILL BAD MEN!



AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE LITTLE COTTAGE WHERE PROFESSOR EVANS LIVED WITH HIS GRANDDAUGHTER...

I HAVE OUR INVASION PLANS TO SHOW YOU!

GOOD! BUT FIRST...MARY, WE MUST GIVE MAJOR GAROND SOME SUPPER! MARY IS A WONDERFUL COOK, MAJOR!



BUT, SUDDENLY...

GAROND! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WHA--?

FOR A MOMENT, THE VILLAINOUS GAROND WAS LEFT ALONE! AND...

I'LL FIND HIS FORMULAE! THEY OUGHT TO BE AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!





IN THE GRIP OF THE ELECTRONIC-POWERED METAL ARMS, THE MURDEROUS GAROND WAS HELPLESS...



SIMPLE THOUGHT-PROCESSES FANNED AN ELECTRONIC BRAIN! L2 COULD HAVE NO THOUGHT-REACTION OF PERSONAL DANGER! THEY TOPPLED OVER THE BRINK...



THEN DOWN ON TO THE ROCKS BELOW...



HOW COULD ANYONE EVER KNOW WHAT ACTUALLY HAD HAPPENED?

WELL, HERE'S THE ROBOT RAN THE ANSWER! AMOK! KILLED PROFESSOR EVANS AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTER!

...GRABBED MAJOR GAROND, AN FELL OFF THE CLIFF WITH HIM!



AND WHEN DARROW, THE ROBOT'S BUILDER WAS SENT FOR...

THREE INNOCENT PEOPLE KILLED BY A MACHINE WHICH FAILED TO WORK PROPERLY!



I-I JUST CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT, GENERAL BLAIR!

SURELY THERE COULD BE NO SUCH THING AS THE PHANTOM OF A SMASHED PIECE OF MACHINERY! THAT'S ABSURD, OF COURSE! BUT IF SOME... SPIRIT OF L2 COULD BE WATCHING HERE...

THERE IS NO BLAME ATTACHED TO YOU, DARROW, OF COURSE!

I'LL NEVER BUILD ANOTHER ROBOT LIKE THAT! NEVER!

NO! NO! YOU'VE GOT EVERYTHING ALL WRONG! ALL WRONG.



Hi there, Pal! Win Some of these 100 Silver Anniversary Prizes!

I just won **\$100.** and this 15" tall Silver Trophy

I just won this **\$1,000,000** Body and a Gold Medal!

You Can Win All These
just as I did
in 10
MINUTES
OF FUN
A DAY!

**I GAINED
60 LBS. OF HANDSOME
HARD-HITTING
MUSCLES!**

John Sill
NOW

Which of these

2 ME'S IS YOU?

that 125 lb.—6 ft.

CHICKEN WEAKLING BELOW
CHESTED WAS ME

A FEW SHORT WEEKS AGO

THIS MAY BE
YOUR LAST
CHANCE
TO GET FOR
ALL 5 **10¢**
PICTURE
PACKED COURSES
MILLIONS HAVE
BEEN SOLD FOR
\$1 AND MORE

Yes! You still
can win \$100
and other 25th
Anniversary Prizes,
if you MAIL coupon
below NOW. Your success
can soon be like
mine. A few weeks ago
I was a skinny weakling
like you. I had no guts to
fight for my rights. TODAY
everyone admires my champ
image—My MIGHTY
ARMS. My heroic CHEST. My
wide manly SHOULDERS. My
POPULARITY with boys. The
way GIRLS go for me—once
so girl-shy. My new prowess
in SPORTS. My new
quickness in STUDIES. My
double-energy at work.

There's that
skinny scarecrow
JOHN. Let's
pass him by!

JOHN SILL
was a 125 lb.
6 ft. WEAKLING
LOOK at him NOW.
A MOVIE-STAR HE-MAN
from Head to Toe

as YOU
can be
soon

John Sill
before



NO! friend you
don't have to be
SKINNY any more.
Just mail **NOW** the **FREE**
coupon below as I did.
Soon **YOU** can add
7 inches to your **CHEST**
3 1/2 inches to EACH
ARM and the rest in
proportion as I did.

How to Build
MIGHTY
ARMS

How to Build
A MIGHTY
BACK

How to Build
A MIGHTY
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How to Build

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A MIGHTY

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Nerves of Steel,
Muscles of Iron

FREE

How to BECOME
MIGHTY HE-MAN

Come On, PAL
NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
IN YOUR OWN HOME
and I'll give **YOU**
A NEW HE-MAN BODY for
your OLD SKELETON FRAME
says **George F. Jewett**, World's Greatest
Builder of HE-MEN.



NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you
are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's
or 30's, or over, if you're short or tall,
what work you do all I want is **JUST 10**
EXCITING MINUTES in your home to **MAKE**
YOU OVER by the SAME METHOD
I turned myself from a wreck to
a Champion of Champions.

BOTH FREE FOR QUICK ACTION!

1. Photo Book of STRONG MEN
2. MUSCLE METER

Dept. AV-34

Tell Me How To
WIN \$100, etc.

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World's Best
for Building
All-Around
HE-MEN"—
Tom Tyler
President
Director

JEWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George. Please mail to me FREE Jewett's Photo Book of Strong Men and Muscle Meter. Also send me **How to Build a Mighty Arm** 3 **How to Build a Mighty Chest** 2 **How to Build a Mighty Back** 4 **How to Build a Mighty Grip** 4. **How to Build a Mighty Legs** 5 **How to Become a Mighty HE-MAN**. ENCLOSED FIND 10¢ FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

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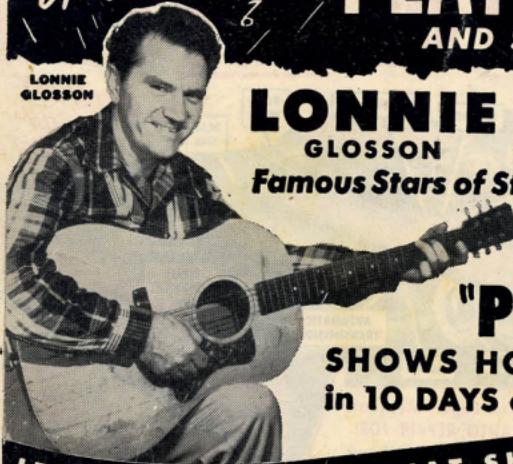
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Your Fingers

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CAN YOU
Hold Your Fingers
LIKE THIS?



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Play the Guitar?



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1667 Milwaukee Ave., CHICAGO 47, ILLINOIS**

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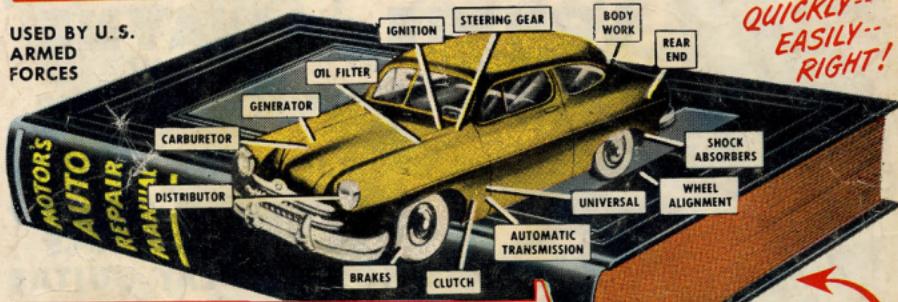
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